

A Little Bit of Sugar by ObeyDontStray

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Summary:

Bob gives Joyce quite a scare. (Pre season 2)

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Author's Note:

I don't know why I have the headcannon that Bob would be a diabetic. Maybe it's because I want some sort of representation somewhere, I don't know.

The overhead bell rang when Joyce entered the Radio Shack. She was dropping in to visit Bob before she headed home. He still had an hour left to work.

"Hey Bob, where are you?" She called into the empty store. When she found him he was leaned against a shelf, a pricing gun in his hand.

"Hey, are you okay?" She asked, coming closer. His lack of his usually cheery greeting concerned her. As did his sweaty hair and pale expression. "Bob?"

He looked at her, set his gun down. "Oh, hey Joyce." He said, giving her a weak smile.

"Bob honey, come sit down. What's going on?" She asked, leading him to the stool he kept behind the register. He walked with unsteady steps.

"I just felt funny all of a sudden." He said, blinking rapidly a few times. "Hey, can you do me a favor? Can you bring me my lunch box out of the back room?"

Without hesitation Joyce went in the back and retrieved his Superman lunch box for him. It was still weighted, he hadn't eaten.

"Why didn't you eat your lunch?" She asked, passing him the box. "Been busy all day, forgot." He said tiredly.

She watched as he opened his lunchbox, retrieved a smaller box. He loaded a needle into a pen type thing, pressed it against his finger and pressed the button. It made a clicking sound and Bob laid it on the table before he squeezed a drop of bright red blood onto a small strip, fed it into a machine.

"What's the number Joyce?" He asked. "I can't see that well right now."

"65. Is that good, is it bad?" She asked. "Bad. Bad." He replied. "Eat!" She said hurriedly. When she offered him the apple from his lunch box he refused it. "I can't right now, I feel like I'm going to throw up."

"What if I ran back to the store and got you some juice? Or some candy?" She asked. "In the mini fridge, there's orange juice." She skittered into the back room, retrieved the carton and hurriedly brought it to him. He managed to get some down, taking small gulps every few minutes.

The color started returning to his face, his eyes looking clearer. Joyce laid a hand on his cheek. "Honey are you going to be okay?" She asked. He drew in a deep breath and nodded. "I feel better already."

She leaned against the counter. "So when were you going to tell me you're diabetic? What if you had been worse off and couldn't instruct me? I've never dealt with this before, Bob."

"I'm sorry." He replied. "I'm usually better about watching it. I just forgot to eat today is all. I've been so busy all day."

She ran her fingers through the damp hair at the back of his neck. "I'm just glad you're okay. That was scary, Bob." He nodded.

"I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault. Just help me explain this to the boys, okay? I want them to be alert too in case something like this happens again." He nodded.

"I guess I just didn't want you to know because I'm already such a loser. But a loser with a health problem."

"Oh Bob!" Joyce leaned forward to kiss him. "You're not a loser. You're a superhero. My Superman."